

14,000-TON DUTCH LINER TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 3,868.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1916

One Halfpenny.

THE KAISER DROPS ANOTHER PILOT: VON TIRPITZ "RESIGNS"
WITH A COUNTSHIP AND OTHER SUGARED PILLS.



Von Tirpitz with wife and famous beard.



Admiral von Capelle.



The plotters. The Kaiser talking to "Tirps."

The Kaiser took the first step towards destroying the German Empire when he got rid of Bismarck. The mania for dismissing people has clung to him throughout life, and now Tirpitz has had to go owing, it is believed, to a quarrel with the all-highest,

though another report states the Kaiser does not desire his resignation. He is to be consoled, it is said, with the title of Count, a high military decoration and a pension. Admiral von Capelle is his prospective successor.

ATTESTED HUSBANDS HOLD ANOTHER MEETING OF PROTEST ON TOWER HILL.



There was another big gathering of attested husbands on Tower Hill yesterday. Mr. Lindsay Johnson is seen addressing them.



A letter sent by Lord Derby said that if the Premier received a deputation he (Lord Derby) would be willing to be present at the same time. Another letter was read

from Mr. Asquith, in which he said that he was unable to receive a deputation. was greeted with cries of "Shame!"—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

DAY OF BLUNT WORDS IN COMMONS.

Mr. Long Says Sir J. Simon's Speech Will Please Berlin.

M.P.s IN HEATED SCENE.

There was much plain speaking and hitting out in the House of Commons last night.

Mr. Walter Long made a slashing reply to Sir John Simon, and in the course of it said Sir John Simon's speech would be read with satisfaction in Berlin.

The Government, he said, were exercising all the strength and ability to win the war.

If the House did get better men, let them be found, and the Government would raise no difficulty in making way for them.

Between two members, Colonel Hamar Greenwood and Mr. Hogge, there was a heated scene.

Sir John Simon raised the question of the attested married men. His points included the following:—

There had been no ground for the suggestion that there had been on Lord Derby's part any breach or any attempted breach of the pledge given to the married men.

The married men were nevertheless deeply concerned as to what might happen in the near future. The married attested men were cer-



Mr. D. C. Hogge.

Sir H. Greenwood.

tainly given to understand that there was yet available and about to be tapped our immense reservoir of unmarried unattested shirkers.

Instead, no sooner was the Military Service Act passed than steps were taken to call up the married groups.

The promises made during the passage of the Military Service Act were not being carried out.

The plain was that the number of unmarried slackers had been greatly exaggerated. The 650,000 single men referred to in Lord Derby's report as unaccounted for was the largest stage army that had ever strutted across the stage. (Cheers.)

"READ WITH DISMAY."

Mr. Walter Long, in reply to the criticisms of Sir John Simon, said: "His speech will be read with dismay by every loyal section of the community in this country and with profound satisfaction when the English newspapers reach Berlin. In all German towns it will be heartily welcomed." (Loud cheers.)

Sir John interrupted.

"No," cried Mr. Long, "if the right hon. gentleman makes these speeches he must listen to those who have to answer them."

"I only hope the German people will know the truth, and discover that however powerful the speeches may be and however great the ability of those who made them, they represent but a miserable minority of the people of this country." (Cheers.)

Captain Willie Redmond, who has just returned from the trenches, made a cheery little speech during the debate on the Army Estimates.

"There are not enough Germans alive to depress our soldiers," he said amid laughter.

"When they get good billets they say to each other 'Cheero!' When the snow comes into their billets they still say 'Cheero!' and what they want out there is that folks at home shall adopt the same attitude and say 'Cheero!' too."

COLONEL GREENWOOD ANGRY.

Colonel Hamar Greenwood, who characterized Captain Redmond's speech as refreshing, went on to say:—"The hon. Secretary may have many friends in Germany, but he has no friends in the British Army."

"Oh!" moaned the shocked Simonites.

"How do you know?" demanded Mr. Hogge.

"I know the British Army," rapped out Sir Hamar, "and I commend to the hon. member for East Edinburgh who interrupted me"—he pointed to Mr. Hogge—"the example of Captain Redmond, who, at the age of fifty-six, rejoined the colours of his own accord. (Loud cheers.)"

"It is a fine example to those who take refuge under artificial age limits," said Sir Hamar with biting emphasis.

"What do you know of the Army?" sneered Mr. Hogge.

"The hon. member talks about being over military age and he says that the patriotism of his son—is it really his stepson—protects him," rapped out Sir Hamar.

"Why did you leave your regiment?" riposted Mr. Hogge.

"I never left my own regiment," cried Colonel Greenwood, white with passion, "and I must protest against the personal insult of the hon. member. I will take the first opportunity outside this House."

Mr. Whitley, the Chairman, broke into this furious interchange. "The hon. member for East Edinburgh is far too fond of making remarks without rising from his seat and asking leave to intervene," he said severely. "It does not conduce to the orderliness of our debates," Mr. Hogge subsided.

PHANTOM BABES.

Col. Lee's Sarcastic Reply to Critic of Army Medical Service.

"DISCOVERER OF TWO MILLION."

To an "unsparing attack" by Mr. Ronald McNeill on the medical services of the Army, Colonel Arthur Lee made a vigorous and amusing reply last night in the House of Commons.

"I cannot help remembering that the hon. member was the discoverer of the two million war babies early in the war, which were eventually whittled down to two false alarms and one case of twins," said Colonel Lee, amid shouts of merriment.

Colonel Lee spent nine months in investigating the medical service on the spot, and was through the battles of Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, Festubert and Loos.

As a result of that experience he utterly failed to recognise the "harrowing conditions" described by Mr. McNeill.

On the night of October 31, at the battle of Ypres, he saw 1,200 wounded evacuated in one night without a hitch, an achievement which reflected the greatest credit on the Army Medical Service. (Cheers.)

"I challenge Mr. McNeill, or any other man, to prove that there has been anything even approaching a breakdown in the medical service in any of those great battles."

TRENCH VISITS FOR ALL.

War Brought Home to Londoners by Active Service Exhibition.

For the first time the Londoner has an opportunity of seeing for himself what trench warfare is like.

There are trenches at The Daily Mail Active Service Exhibition, which opens to-day at Prince's Skating Club and Knightsbridge Hall. They were constructed by fifty Grenadier Guardsmen, all of whom have been to the front, under the direction of their officers. The work took about a month.

The effect of these trenches is almost too realistic. The visitor as he gropes his way in the semi-darkness between their narrow walls is liable to be spattered with clay from head to heel.

They are about twelve feet deep and have sandbags and wooden palisades. Dug-outs have been constructed and an atmosphere of actuality is imparted by the presence of machine guns, trench howitzers and trench mortars.

The exhibition, which is on behalf of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, will be opened by the Princess Royal this afternoon. Ticket-holders only will be admitted.

The general public will be admitted at 5 p.m. and the price of admission will be one shilling.

CAMBRIDGE BLUE DECORATED.

Flight-Lieutenant Gordon L. Thomson, R.N.A.S., has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for carrying out photographic



Flight-Lieutenant Thomson.

work at low altitudes over the enemy lines at Gallipoli. He is a Cambridge rowing blue and a well-known member of the Leander and Thames Rowing Clubs.

ADMIRALTY'S RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., made his first appearance as a cross-examiner of Ministers last night.

He wanted to know whether the sanction of the Board of Admiralty or of any member of the Board was necessary before the Royal Naval Air Service could organise and carry out raids on the aircraft bases of the enemy.

Mr. Macnamara, in Mr. Balfour's absence, replied that all operations of naval forces were carried out by officers acting under the authority of the Board.

Has the Royal Naval Air Service been prevented from carrying out reprisal raids owing to the religious scruples of any member of the Board of Admiralty? asked Mr. Billing.

Mr. Macnamara replied that no personal or private views influenced the Board of Admiralty.

My right hon. friend (Mr. Balfour) knows nothing about the religious opinions of his colleagues," added the Secretary to the Admiralty, amid laughter.

NO "STANDARD" TO-DAY.

The Standard will not be published to-day.

POSTPONED GROUPS.

War Office Conference on Call to Groups 33 to 41.

MILITARY AGE UP TO 45?

The agitation by the attested married-men and the indefinite postponement of the call to the nine married groups (Nos. 33 to 41) has resulted, says the Press Association, in the summoning of a War Office conference to-morrow between the military authorities and the recruiting commanders.

The date on which these groups shall be called is not likely to be long delayed.

The revision of the lists of certified occupations and the problem of releasing single men from the less necessary trades is proceeding as rapidly as possible, but it is feared that satisfactory arrangements for securing the services of these released men cannot be made quickly enough to enable the military authorities to call upon them as soon as desired, in order to enable the recruiting centres to train the maximum number of men possible at one time.

This view is being urged, it is understood, by the recruiting staff at the War Office.

The postponement of the call to the married has raised in an acute form the question of extending the military age, probably to forty-five. It is understood that such an extension is strongly favoured by the military authorities.

The campaign which was to have been commenced for the purpose of securing the voluntary enlistment of unattested married men will not be proceeded with until a further meeting of Lord Derby's Central Recruiting Committee. Posters had been prepared, but these are being withheld until the Government determine what is to be done regarding the married groups generally.

There was an angry and determined crowd of about 2,000 attested married men on Tower Hill, London, yesterday.

Mr. Asquith, through his secretary, wrote that he regretted he was unable to receive a deputation as the matter raised could be more fittingly discussed and dealt with in Parliament.

A resolution demanding that a deputation should be received at once was unanimously carried.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Shamrock and Irish Flags Ready—Queen Alexandra's Gifts.

To-day is St. Patrick's Day, and it is also Irish Flag Day. Flags will be on sale everywhere on the streets on behalf of the Irish prisoners of war.

In a room banked up with baskets, trays and boxes of the little green plant, Lady Limerick, of the *Daily Mirror* that this was the sixteenth year she had organised the sale of shamrock in London on behalf of charities.

Every year Queen Alexandra has ordered a vast quantity of shamrock for the Irish troops. Yesterday 6,000 sprays were sent from Lady Limerick's Irish home on behalf of her Majesty.

Thousands of sprays a day have been sent till this week to men in France, Egypt and Serbia.

"I didn't know there were so many sweet hearts in England," said Lady Limerick with a little laugh, "for it is they who send the sprays as love tokens to the men fighting for their king."

The entire sale of shamrock to-day is taking place from the London Bridge Buffet in aid of the buffet funds.

GERMAN'S ESCAPE FROM DALSTON.

An official notification from Scotland Yard states that Frederick Ries, a German, escaped from the German Hospital, Dalston, yesterday.

The man is described as late of 39a, Brick Lane, Whitechapel, aged fifty-one, medium height and build, dressed in Stratford camp jacket, overcoat, and boots, brown velvet striped trousers, bowler hat.

He suffers from varicose veins, walks badly, is of weak intellect, and has an impediment in his speech. He can speak English.

LIBEL CASES AFTER THE WAR.

A series of special jury libel actions brought by Sir Edward Page-Gaston, an American journalist, living in this country, against a number of daily papers were postponed until after the war by Mr. Justice Darling yesterday.

The subject of the actions is a letter written to the Press by Mr. James W. Gerard, the American Ambassador in Berlin.

Mr. Langdon, K.C., for the plaintiff, said that when the war broke out the plaintiff undertook the sending of parcels to prisoners of war in Germany.

The subject of the actions is a letter written to the Press by Mr. James W. Gerard, the American Ambassador in Berlin.

Mr. Langdon, K.C., for the plaintiff, said that when the war broke out the plaintiff undertook the sending of parcels to prisoners of war in Germany.

The subject of the actions is a letter written to the Press by Mr. James W. Gerard, the American Ambassador in Berlin.

Mr. Langdon, K.C., for the plaintiff, said that when the war broke out the plaintiff undertook the sending of parcels to prisoners of war in Germany.

CHAMPION OF NAVY AND HUSBANDS.

Mr. Gibson Bowles Fighting Two Party Machines.

SANCTITY OF PLEDGE.

If early signs can be taken as offering any indication of the trend of election affairs in Market Harborough it is safe to assume that Mr. Gibson Bowles, the Married Men's candidate, is certain to put up an excellent contest against the powerful machinery of the Coalition.

Unanimous resolutions urging the married men of Market Harborough to vote and vote solid for "Tommy" Bowles and thereby secure his triumphant return to Parliament to ensure the sanctity of contract made between themselves and the Government on the question of single men first were passed at a mass meeting of London attested married men on Tower Hill yesterday.

As is well known now, Mr. Bowles accepted an invitation to contest the seat from the Leicestershire Attested Married Men's Protest Society, and he is keeping the cry of "Single men first" before the electorate at every opportunity.

Apart from this Mr. Bowles is standing for a free hand for the Navy in enforcing the blockade of Germany.

He also wishes to see restored to the House of Commons that measure of freedom in criticism which those who agreed to support him have lost to the Lower House since the establishment of the Coalition.

TO GIVE UP SALARY.

Mr. Bowles's opponent is Mr. Percy Harris, the well-known Liberal, who enjoys the support of the local Unionist organisation.

Thus Mr. Gibson Bowles is fighting two organisations, as did Mr. Pemberton Billing in East Hertfordshire, and the most optimistic of the Independent's supporters believe the result of the poll will be equally disconcerting to the Government.

Even so pronounced a Radical stronghold as Oadby Mr. Bowles managed to win an enthusiastic reception for a speech that was full of pungent criticism. Two prominent local Liberals were on his platform.

At South Wigston a resolution supporting Mr. Bowles was carried without dissent.

Meanwhile Mr. Harris was speaking at Fleckney, and was dealing with a number of hecklers. It is, perhaps, significant that his meeting contented itself with a simple vote of thanks.

Mr. Harris's supporters have been making a point of Mr. Bowles's statement that, if returned to Parliament, he will refuse to accept the £400 a year paid to members as salary.

This, assert the Coalitionists, sounds suspiciously like a bribe.

"On the contrary," replies Mr. Bowles, "it is simply my refusal to accept a bribe."

Altogether, the election at Market Harborough promises plenty of liveliness.

LADY KELVIN DEAD.

The death took place yesterday at her residence, Newhall, Largs, of Lady Kelvin, widow of the great scientist.

She was his second wife, and was a daughter of Mr. C. R. Blandy, of Madeira. She married Lord Kelvin in 1874, and first met her husband and through their mutual fondness for yachting, Lady Kelvin took a keen interest in politics, and was president of the Women's Unionist Association of the West of Scotland.

Of late years her health had not been good, and she had been suffering from the illness which has terminated fatally for over a month past.

SWearing OFF A LOVE AFFAIR.

Swearing in his fiancée's presence was stated in a breach of promise case at the London Sheriff's Court yesterday to have been the tactics adopted by a lover to break the engagement.

The plaintiff, Miss Ethel Kendall, art needle-worker, was awarded £500 damages by Mr. Horbert Faulkner, builder's clerk, Bow.

Mr. Wilfred Price said that the parties met in 1907 at Sunday school, and were engaged in 1915.

In reply to a letter from the plaintiff's solicitor, defendant wrote:—

"My assumptions have at last been proved, viz., that Miss Kendall's objects are £ s. d. She was not happy unless she was spending money on her in clothes or other things."

PUT HIM IN PETTICOATS.

Displaying much nervousness, an accounts clerk read a statement to the East Ham Tribunal yesterday, which ran:—"I am of far too sensitive a nature to have anything to do with military matters. I work in an office in the City, and find it very difficult to go there on account of the fearful sensitiveness of my nature. It would have suited me better if I had been born a girl instead of a fellow."

Three months' postponement was granted on domestic grounds.

FRUITLESS ASSAULT BY WAVES OF GERMANS IN NEW VERDUN BATTLE

Great Artillery Activity at Douaumont and Vaux. COAST GUN DUELS.

Enemy Trenches in Nieuport Region Completely Wrecked.

14,000-TON LINER'S FATE.

STILL STRIVING FOR VERDUN.

The Germans are still striving to hammer a way to Verdun, and last night's Paris bulletin reports a strong attack by "waves of enemy" against the French positions on the "Dead Man." The attack was both fruitless and costly to the foe.

Artillery activity also redoubled at Douaumont and Vaux.

GUNS BUSY IN BELGIUM.

The noticeable feature about the earlier French and German reports yesterday was the reference to artillery activity near the Belgian coast. Paris said that a destructive gunfire in the Nieuport region had completely wrecked the German communication trenches and had killed many Germans.

Berlin declares that the French made unsuccessful attacks in Champagne and that the Germans frustrated French attempts to dispute the "German possession of Dead Man Hill." The French deny that the Germans hold this height.

END OF VON TIRPITZ?

After eighteen months of naval failure, Admiral von Tirpitz, the creator of the German Navy, has resigned. It was he who initiated the policy of submarine "frightfulness."

NEW HUN SEA CRIME.

The 14,000-ton Dutch liner Tubantia, which left Rotterdam on Wednesday for South America with eighty-three passengers and a crew of 294 on board, has been torpedoed without warning near the North Hinder Lightship. She sank in about three hours. It is uncertain if any lives have been lost.

DESTRUCTIVE SHELLING IN NIEUPORT REGION.

Flanders' Patrols Report Numerous Germans Killed by Gunfire.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 16.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In Belgium our patrols were able to observe that a destructive fire by our artillery carried out last evening upon the German organizations at La Polage (in the region of Nieuport) had completely overthrown the enemy's communication trenches and killed numerous Germans.

In the region north of Verdun no infantry action is reported in the course of the night. The bombardment has continued rather weakly on the left bank of the Meuse and more intensely on the right bank.

In the region of Haudromont and of Damptout our artillery violently cannonaded the region to the west of Douaumont, where the enemy was carrying out the construction of earthworks.

In Woivre we bombarded several revictualing convoys.

To the east of the forest of Apremont a coup de main upon a German trench enabled us to inflict some losses upon the enemy and to bring back a number of prisoners.

In the Vosges, to the south of the Thur, the Germans made an attack on our positions near Burnhaupt. Checked by our curtain fire, the enemy was unable to reach our trenches.—Exchange.

FOE STORY OF AIR RAID.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, March 16.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

In an aerial encounter a French aeroplane was shot down south-east of Beine (Champagne). The occupants were incinerated.

Enemy airmen last night again made an attack on the German hospital in Labry (east of Conflans). The first attack took place during the night of March 15. No military damage was done.—Wireless Press.

FOE'S FURIOUS ATTACK ON DEAD MAN HILL.

Assaulting Waves of Germans Forced Back with Heavy Losses.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 16.—The official communiqué issued to-night says:—

To the north of the Aisne there was reciprocal artillery action in the environs of Montfaucon.

West of the Meuse, after a very violent bombardment of our front, Bethincourt-Cunieres, the Germans, in the course of the afternoon, delivered a strong attack against our positions of the Mort Homme (Dead Man).

The waves of assault were unable to secure a footing at any point, and were compelled to fall back towards the Crows' Wood, where our concentrated fire, which was immediately let loose, inflicted great losses upon them.

On the right bank of the Meuse the activity of the artillery redoubled to the east and west of Douaumont, as well as in the vicinity of the village of Vaux.

No infantry attack took place, but our batteries on several occasions caught under their fire troops on the march in this region.

In the Woivre there was a somewhat intense bombardment on both sides in the sectors at the bottom of the heights.—Reuter.

GERMANS TELL OF ONSETS BY THE FRENCH.

Attacks in Champagne and to Left of the Meuse.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, March 16.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of the War.—In Flanders, especially in proximity to the coast, the artillery duels have appreciably increased in violence. There also became more violent in the region of Roze and Ville-aux-Bois (north-west of Rheims).

In Champagne the French, after more tenacious, but no more effective, artillery preparation, made a number of attacks, which were all without success, on our position south of St. Souplet and west of the Somme-Py-Souain road, which caused us few losses, whereas theirs were numerous.

Moreover, we took there two officers and 150 unwounded men prisoners, and captured two machine guns.

To the left of the Meuse further attempts made by the enemy to dispute our possession of the height, "The Dead Man," and the positions in the wood to the north thereof were frustrated at the very outset.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle the position is unchanged.

South of Niederspach our patrols, after an effective bombardment of the enemy trenches, penetrated into the latter, destroyed defence positions and returned with a few prisoners and some booty.

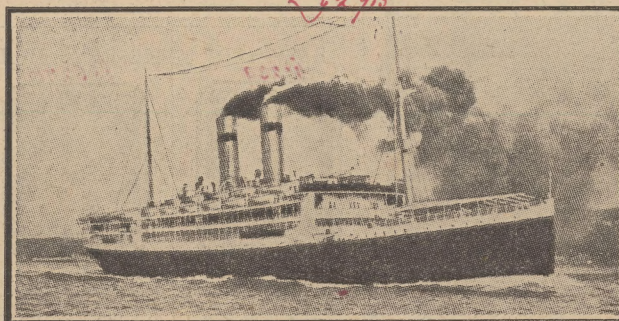
Eastern Theatre of War.—There were patrol engagements at various places on the front, otherwise there were no events of special importance.—Wireless Press.

FOE'S FEEBLE ATTACK.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, March 16, 9.15 p.m.—

Last night the enemy made a feeble demonstration with bombers near the Hehenzollern redoubt. To-day we sprang mines on the double crasser south-west of Loos, with good effect. There has been considerable activity, with artillery on both sides about Loos and Ypres.



The big Dutch liner Tubantia, which has been either mined or torpedoed near the North Hinder Lightship.

DUTCH LINER TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING.

Passengers, Including Americans, Saved by Patrol Boats.

A grim drama of sea piracy—the sinking with out warning by torpedo of the 14,000-ton liner Tubantia, the biggest ship of the Royal Dutch Lloyd Line's fleet—was reported yesterday.

Two Central News messages from Amsterdam said:—

(1) It is officially announced that news has been received that the Dutch steamer Tubantia was torpedoed near the North Hinder Lightship (fifty miles east of Harwich). All persons aboard have been saved.

The torpedo struck the stern of the vessel, damaging the steering-gear, and water penetrated into the corridors and engine-room.

The Tubantia, however, remained afloat for about three hours, and it is believed that no one was injured during the rescue work.

A Reuter message states that the passenger list gives the names of eighty-seven persons, including two Argentines, nineteen Germans, seven Brazilians, one Uruguayan, six Bolivians, twenty-two Dutch, one Norwegian, two Danes, five Swiss, six Spaniards, one Englishman (Mr. A. J. de Beaufort, of London), one Chilean, two Austrians, one Russian, five Belgians, one Swede.

Three passengers are possibly of American nationality—namely, Mr. Richard Schilling (of the American Consular service) and Emma and Carmen Schilling.

Among the foreign passengers are the Bolivian Minister, with four members of his family, the Uruguayan Consul at Amsterdam, and the Spanish Consul.

Two boats with survivors reached the North Hinder Lightship.

Two patrol boats arrived at Flushing with seventy survivors, mostly belonging to the crew.

Steamer Breda, which left Rotterdam for London, returned to waterway with 200, chiefly crew, on board. La Campine brought fifty of the crew and the steamer Krakatau eighty-seven passengers.

NEW YORK, March 16.—The French liner Patria, belonging to the Fabre Company, with 300 passengers, including twenty Americans, on board, has arrived here. The captain reports that the ship was attacked without warning by a submarine off Tunis, a torpedo passing within 20 ft. of the stern.—Reuter.

FEARED LOSS OF LIFE.

FLUSHING, March 16.—The crew of the Tubantia were landed by two Dutch torpedo-boats.

It is now believed that there have been victims of the disaster.—Reuter.

AUSTRIAN CHARGE BROKEN WITH HEAVY LOSSES.

Storming of Italian Trenches Vigorously Repulsed.

(ITALIAN OFFICIAL.)

ROME, March 16.—The official communiqué issued to-day is as follows:—

On the Upper Isonzo a thick fog yesterday limited artillery activity, which was more intense on the heights west of Gorizia.

On the Carso there was a desperate struggle for possession of the positions captured by us in the San Martino zone on Tuesday night.

After violent artillery and rifle fire the enemy launched two impetuous attacks, getting right up to the edge of our new trenches, but was on each occasion vigorously repulsed, leaving the ground covered with dead bodies.

In the morning the enemy's artillery renewed the attack, and maintained it with increasing violence until night, but the firmness of our infantry and the constant and effective support of our batteries enabled us to hold the contested positions.—Reuter.

DECISIVE CHECK FOR FOE AT VERDUN.

Wall of German Corpses After Dead Man Hill Onset.

200,000 ENEMY LOSSES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 16.—Contrary to general expectation the Germans made no infantry assaults yesterday or to-day in the Verdun region.

The latest telegrams from the front show that the check inflicted on the Germans by the French on Tuesday was even more decisive than first reported.

Their assaults on Dead Man Hill were carried out by a division and a half of fresh troops, and their losses were simply terrific.

An officer who took part in this battle describes it as follows: "I've taken part in the battle of Charleroi, in the fighting before Verdun in September, 1914, and in our great Champagne offensive, but never have I seen such a grim struggle as this latest effort of the Huns."

"I do not think there is a square yard of ground before Verdun which has not been ploughed up several times during the past month with German shells—from 4in. shells to huge 17in. howitzer projectiles.

"But our men held good. When the Germans charged, their front line was so compact that as a machine gun projected its fatal stream of bullets across the attacking front of the enemy line swayed right and left. So closely were they packed that they did not fall for a few seconds, and after the fight was over the long wall of German corpses, in some places three feet high, stretched over the slopes of the hill."

"Where they reached our barbed wire there were huge mounds of dead men piled high on one another."

"Though the Germans now pretend the capture of Verdun is of secondary importance and a matter which does not greatly interest them, this attitude savours too much of sour grapes. They must make Verdun if they are to avoid a disastrous moral defeat and bolster up their paper credit."

The Germans, it is now admitted by all serious critics, have lost over 200,000 men—the figure they announced at the beginning of the siege of Verdun they were prepared to sacrifice for its capture.

600,000 MEN IN RESERVE.

With the inclusion of young men of this year's class, they have roughly some 600,000 men still in reserve, but the French front is not the only one on which they are relying to maintain an army, and three more advances costing the same price as the futile effort before Verdun would leave them with empty depots.

At the present moment the situation may be summed up as follows:—

General Petain: Full of confidence.

Crown Prince: It would suit the French much better if he continued the disastrous battering act so effectively represented in Mr. Haselden's amusing cartoon in yesterday's Daily Mirror.

W. L. McALPIN.

RESIGNATION OF ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ.

AMSTERDAM, March 15.—A Berlin official telegram says:—

"Wolf Bureau learns that Admiral von Tirpitz has tendered his resignation. His prospective successor is Admiral von Capelle."

According to a semi-official Berlin telegram "The withdrawal of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz from conducting the business of the Ministry of Marine takes place with all honours."

His resignation is generally regretted, in view of his great services in the creation of the German Fleet, that highly valuable instrument which it has proved to be in the course of the war.

"In the choice of his successor one sees a guarantee that, as regards the methods of naval warfare, no change will take place.—Reuter.

NEW GERMAN GRENADE.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, March 16.—The official communiqué issued to-night says:—

Western Front.—There was a violent artillery duel in the region of Dailen Island.

Below Drinsk, in the Bialik district, east of the Ponievitz railway, the enemy made use of hand grenades filled with a special explosive.

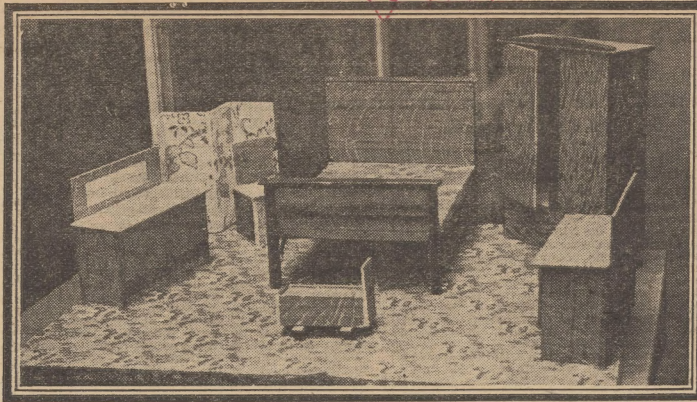
Caucasus Front.—During the pursuit of the Turks we again took prisoners nineteen officers, two of them majors, and 222 men.

captured a regimental flag.—Reuter.

FOLDING TOYS: NOVELTY MADE BY NEW BRITISH FIRM.



No fear of it breaking.



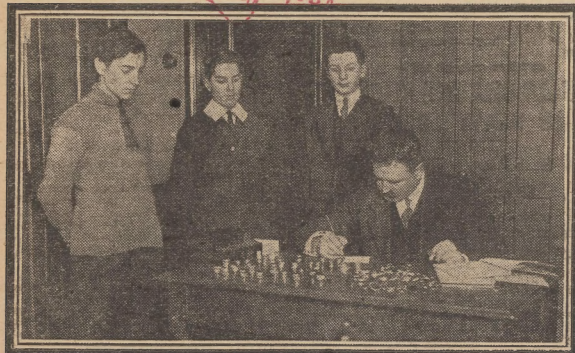
Complete bedroom suite, even to a cradle for a baby.



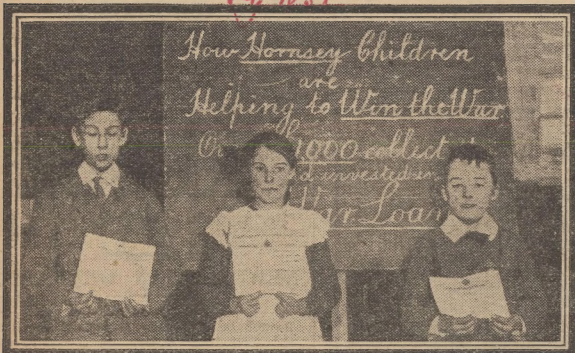
The same suite folded up. It takes up very little room.

An interesting stand at the London Fair and Market at the Agricultural Hall is that of the Armageddon Game and Toy Company, of Reading and Ash Vale. The firm are patentees and specialists in collapsible or folding toys, such as dolls' houses and forts, which are quite a novelty. A feature worth remembering is their great strength.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

CHILDREN SAVE £1,000 IN PENNIES.



Counting a week's savings, which amount to £12.



These three have saved £5 in coppers.

By systematically saving their pennies the pupils at the Hornsey elementary schools have saved £1,000, which is to be invested in the War Loan on their behalf. Other schools might note this.

"SHELL-OUT'S" SUCCESSOR.



La Belle Leonora, who will appear in "Half-past Eight," the new revue which is to succeed "Shell Out" at the Comedy.

RESIGNED.



Archdeacon Sinclair, who has resigned his Sussex living on account of ill-health.—(Elliott and Fry.)

MR. RENE BULL



The well-known artist, who is now a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R.—(Elliott and Fry.)

"There's nothing like it for me."

Rowntree's
ELECT **Cocoa**

INCREASES STRENGTH.

No Flour Wasted in spoilt bakings if you raise with Brown & Polson's kitchen famous

"Paisley Flour"
The SURE raising power.

Everything comes out light, delicious and wholesome. No heavy indigestible patches in Paisley-raised—

Cakes, Swiss Roll,
Jam Sandwich, Buns,
Scones, Pastries.

One part "Paisley Flour" to eight of ordinary flour makes the perfect self-raising flour.



7d. 4d. and 1d. packets.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH.

Some Good Advice By a Specialist.

If you are losing strength, tire easily, lack ambition and confidence to do things and feel discouraged, it does not matter whether the cause is from illness, late hours, drinking, smoking or over-indulgence of any kind, you are in danger of suffering a complete breakdown unless proper treatment is secured at once.

Strength can only be obtained from the food you eat. Therefore, if you are using up more energy each day than you obtain from your food, your case is hopeless until you can reverse the order of things and increase your strength in proportion to the amount you draw upon it. To get back your old-time strength and energy spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply and get a little Sargol from Boots or any other good Chemist, and take one tablet with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return to you. Stomach troubles will vanish, ambition return, and you will feel a keen desire again for both work and pleasure. Sargol has increased strength and nerve power in many cases more than 200 per cent. In fact, a little Sargol with three meals a day will give you more strength and energy than twelve meals would give you without it. Therefore, if you are run down, are constantly losing strength, are irritable or your nerves are off, get a 3s. box of Sargol to-day. It will last you over a week, and will do you more good than a month at the seaside.—(Advt.)

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1916.

THE WAR GAMBLERS.

RUMOUR is busy just now with the condition-of-Germany question, raised anew by reports of anxiety in the Fatherland over the continued deadlock before Verdun.

We have the neutral traveller, as usual, with his evidence as to the dying down of the war spirit amongst the war maniacs, We have the interesting announcement, renewed from time to time, that the Kaiser's hair is dead white. We learn that Little Willie—our cartoonist illustrates the report this morning—is very unpopular. Hindenburg is less popular than he was. Fewer nails are driven into Moloch. Instead, a mosaic is being made of the other Moloch, Mackensen. You stick coloured squares on him instead of nails into Hindenburg.

Therefore the war is coming to an end. Well, there may indeed be a subtle connection between the colour of the War Lord's hair and the duration of the war he did "not want"—at least in the form in which he got it. But, as the Portuguese Minister has recently reminded us, we have no right to build on the discouragement or discontent of the German people. The German rulers are for the time being the German people also; and they are not the sort of rulers likely to admit mistakes.

They may well conceive that failure for them means an end of their régime—after the war. But no amount of failure, except staring defeat in arms, need mean an end of their rule yet. For the truth is that the German people, even if they were indignant with their rulers—as so far they are not—have no weapons, no method, no means of expressing such indignation effectively. The men at the helm are also the men with the big guns. The people have no authority. For months past, it may be, they have longed for peace—a peace, their peace, a peace consecrating their "heaped-up victories." That is a very different thing from the assertion that they will accept a peace registering defeat. And even if they were willing to accept it they have no means of manifesting their intention.

Compromise remains, as Harden has pointed out. But this the Allies cannot and will not have: which surely means that hard fighting must still show the rulers of Germany that they must make *our* peace, not *theirs*.

We write this in no desire to make "pessimistic" prophecies about the end of the war. With the Verdun situation as it is there is great hope. The sky lightens gradually. But we must recognise that a gang of desperate gamblers will go on till their last coin is swept away. And what the leading players do the rank and file must do after or with them. They must throw more money on the tables. W. M.

THE SEA-LIMITS.

Consider the sea's limitless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end; our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife,
As the world's the murmur and thrash,
Its painful pulse is in the sands,
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Grey and not knowing, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the rocks,
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmur and thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in one.

—D. G. ROSSSETT.

THE "GENTLEST ART" IN WAR TIME.

A LETTER-WRITING BOOM IN ALL CLASSES.

By A SUBALTERN.

THE "gentlest art," as Mr. Lucas happily calls letter-writing, has come much to the fore since the war began. Many people who could never be induced to put pen to paper are now busy writing to their friends at the front every day of the week, and some are a little shy of the new experience.

The war has not had so much effect on the letters of the educated classes, but the "Tommy" and his family or his "best girl" are going in for a mass of correspondence undreamt of in peace-time.

The letter home or the letter to the front, which means so much to the recipient, is often a very difficult thing to begin.

Those who are unaccustomed to writing seem to feel that you should not write as you talk—

it by making it unduly complicated. A lad showed me a letter he wrote to a friend, in which he had made "hobsand" out of husband and "skolledge" out of college, which struck me as the very reverse of phonetic spelling.

The abbreviations of well-known words form a wonderful collection. There are dozens of "photos," for instance—"photh," "pohot," "poto," and "poh," and a servant of mine once wrote to her friend at the front "i see by the poto that all the boys is in the pink." There were some odd efforts to make Christmas shorter, too—not always very successfully or intelligibly. "Xmasness," "Xmas," and "Chismox" I have seen, and I felt very sorry for the boy who had not left school so very long ago when he had "A merry Exams" wished him!

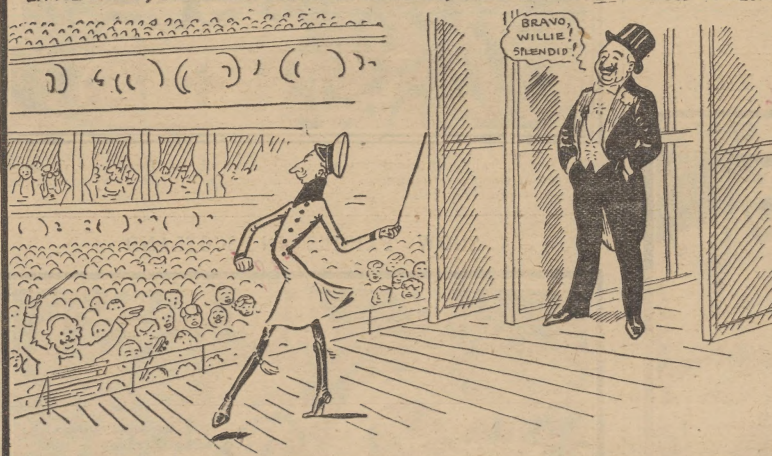
TWO IDEAS MUDDLED.

Sometimes two ideas can be thrown into one sentence, with disastrous results.

I heard of a young girl who wrote complaining of her many troubles at home: "Poor old Uncle Ned is dead, and we have to send you a parcel every week to you." Similar to this, but

LITTLE WILLIE AS FALLEN FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITE.

LITTLE WILLIE, THE WORLD RENOWNED COMEDIAN, USED TO PLAY TO CROWDED HOUSES—



NOW, ALAS, FOR HIM AND THE MANAGEMENT! THE PUBLIC HAVE GROWN TIRED OF HIM.



At the beginning of the war the Crown Prince's photograph filled all the Berlin shops and he was a bigger favourite than his father. Gradually his repeated failures have made him less and less popular, till at last the public will not have him at all.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

naturally and easily. Hence the many letters which begin: "Dear husband, I now take the pen in hand to write you a letter," and so on. But there is a happy way out of the difficulty of "breaking the ice." A formula which has become so popular as almost to be a habit has been found: "I hope this finds you as it leaves me at present." This always seems to give confidence to the writer. But by constant use the sentence often loses its meaning—or, rather, bears a wish the writer does not intend to convey: "I hope this finds you as it leaves me nearly dead with a bad cold" is an instance recently detected.

Some writers are bold, and adopt a form of spelling which is entirely phonetic, and which, therefore, has its practical side; but others feel there is a trick about the word somewhere, and the question is, Where? "Rumatism," for instance, serves very well, but the man who writes "rumatismh" is more ambitious—he knows that there is a catch about the word, and hopes he has solved

more sinister in its hidden meaning, was this instance—"Perhaps before you get this letter Grandma will be dead and you can expect a parcel!"

A boy I knew at the front told me that his father had gone in for "play acting" since he had been away from home, and the way the news was conveyed to him was this: "Dad's on the stage now," "e" as a glass eye and "e" earns a pot of money." How the glass eye helped was not explained. The boy had a remarkable mother too, I remember, for the letter went on—"Dad's only got to put his tongue out now and Muvver knows what's the matter, she knows his tongue is dry!" A remarkable case of wily devotion!

To end a letter is much easier than to begin one, and there must be a sense of relief when the effort is over. An original ending is sometimes found though, and I remember seeing—"I now close my long and welcome letter" which seemed to me to take a good deal for granted.

SERVANT AND MISTRESS.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP NEEDED BETWEEN ALL CLASSES.

IT is a great pity we cannot get through the war without quarrelling with one another!

Married quarrel with single, servants quarrel with mistresses. At least, several of our correspondents seem to think there is incompatibility of temper between kitchen and drawing-room.

Surely this question is one of fact. We ought to keep in mind what the Prince of Wales said at the beginning of the war—"At such a time as this we all stand together." Servants and mistresses should realise, then, that they are in close collaboration for a common result and work together instead of blaming each other. Gloucester-gardens, W. B. W.

DOWNSTAIRS.

I CANNOT agree with your correspondent. I am sure that most housekeepers find it is those

upstairs who have to economise, while the servants are not willing to give up even sugar in their tea, which, in a great many households (amongst many other things) is never indulged in now upstairs.

The truth is we cannot economise fully, for our dependents make it impossible if we want to retain them.

Economy can only be practised by those who are called upon to pay, for downstairs the motto is "food as usual" at any cost. FAIR PLAY.

WANTED—A WAR PICTURE!

IS there no artist who can paint us a picture with a meaning to-day? We remember "Ecce Homo" and also "Despised and Rejected of Men," and we have recently had attempts on a small scale to symbolise the religious meaning of some aspects of the war, but nothing as yet very genuine or inspired.

Personally I should like to see the picture take the form of an Army Triumphant, with the People in its wake led by the Spirit of Christ and aided by it. VOX CLAMANTIS.

"MORE BRIGHT IDEAS."

I IMAGINE Julius Caesar gave his elephants, in 54 B.C., the equivalent to the D.S.O. for Polyænus attributes Caesar's success to the panic caused by the elephants.

At the approach of these unknown animals of enormous magnitude, covered with scales of polished steel and carrying on their backs a turret filled with armed men, the Britons abandoned their defences and sought safety in precipitate flight (Lingard, vol. i, page 5).

Many of the Huns have ridden our Zoo elephants in happier days, so that we must not trot elephants out for "frightfulness," like Julius Caesar did for our ancestors. (Rev.) HUGH POWELL Ware.

MEALS IN WAR TIME.

WHY this talk about giving up meals? Isn't it helping the nation, to build up one's body?

For one to go straight to work without breakfast, as "L. N." suggests, is ruinous to health and mind.

It seems to me far better for the health's sake to keep to the regular meals, but to consume a little less at each. M. B.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 15.—Trees and shrubs that bloom this month are always welcome. Already the bright almond trees are decked in blossom in spite of recent cold weather.

The beautiful early forsythia suspensa is today smothered with countless golden bell-like flowers. Let this shrub be grown in clumps in the open, on banks and against sunny walls. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No man is to be deemed free who has no perfect self-command.—Pythagoras.

'DEAD' MAN JOINS

Sergeant James Delaney, who has just joined the Canadian Forces. During the South African war he was recommended for bravery, but was officially reported killed and did not know a decoration was awaiting him until he enlisted again.

TWO HEROIC DEEDS.

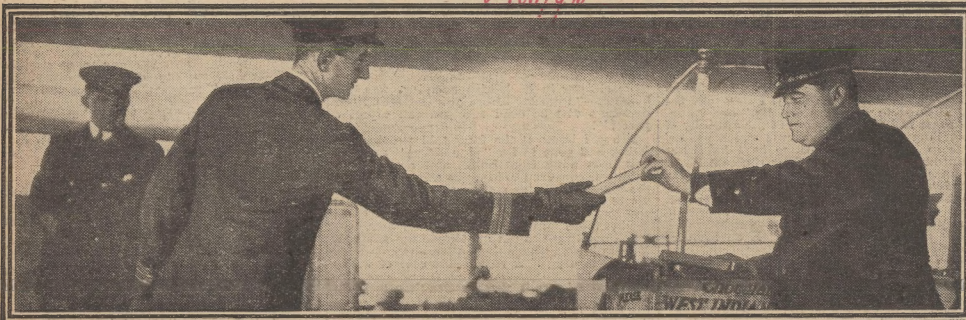
Private E. Maffuniades, awarded the D.C.M. He carried a wounded man to safety at great personal risk, and on a previous occasion stayed alone with his wounded captain, dragging him 100 yards to comparative safety.

DOES NOT CHARGE A GUINEA.

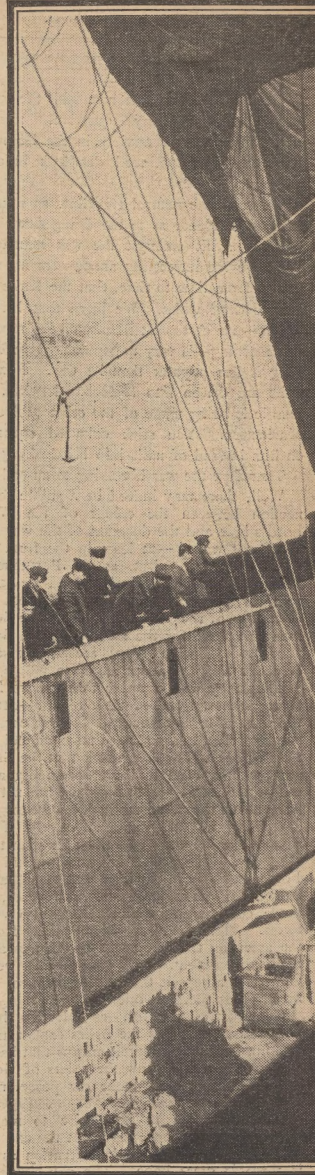
This regimental doctor kindly attends to a number of the Macedonian villagers where our troops are quartered. It is not a paying practice, as they are what the profession calls "thank you" patients. (Official photograph.)

SNOW FAIRIES IN SCOTLAND.

Angela and Tony, the children of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Miss Zena Dare), enjoyed the recent heavy snowfall in Scotland.

THE SHIP'S STEWARD DISTRIBUTES GIFTS OF CHOCOLATE.

Lord Alastair Graham receives chocolates. They were sent to the Navy by the Governments of Trinidad and Granada.

A KITE BALLOON

The observers standing

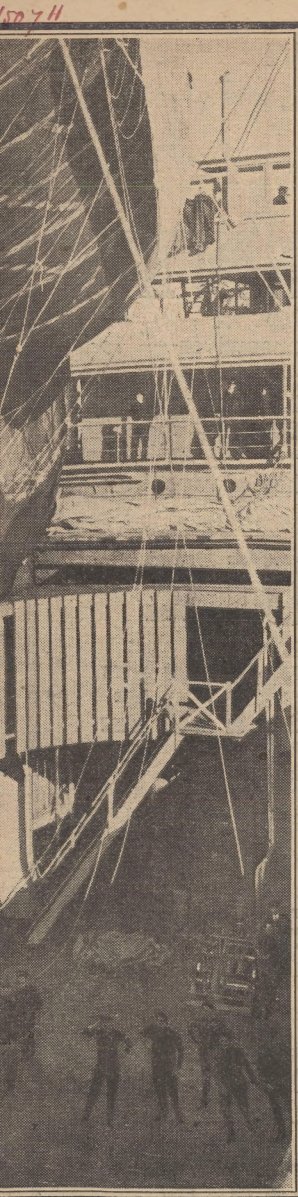


The balloon above the deck.

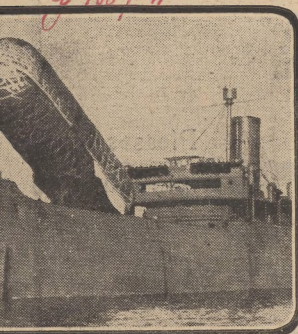
These interesting photographs illustrate so case where the great gasbag can be seen ab

iss

ING ITS SHIP.



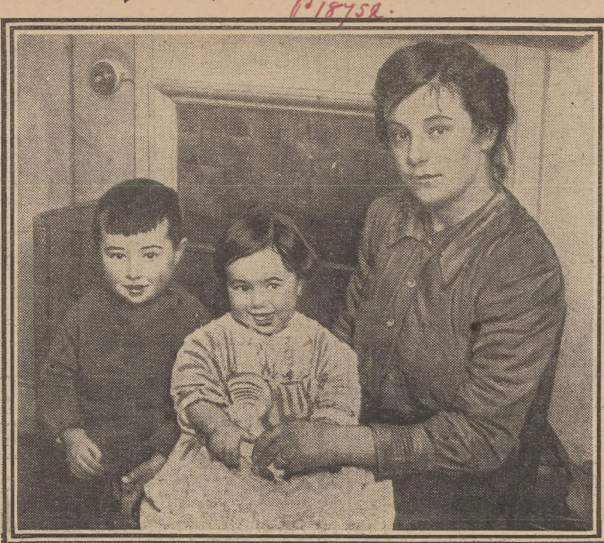
the open hold of the vessel.



leaving the deck to take observations.

Canning, the kite balloon steamer. In the to make an ascent.—(Official photographs.)

THE QUEEN SOOTHES A BABY.



Florence Lawley sitting on her mother's knee. She was crying when the Queen and Princess Mary visited the nursery at the Union-Jack Club in Waterloo-road, and her Majesty helped to soothe away her tears.

MANŒUVRES AT SALONIKA.



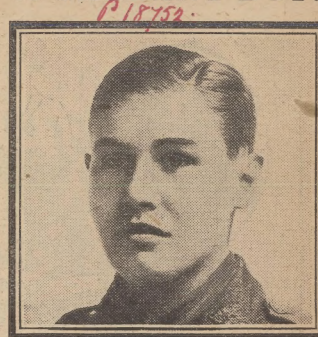
A method of transporting slight cases. The mule has served many purposes in this war.—(Official photograph, issued by the Press Bureau.)

GATHERING SHAMROCK: SPRIGS FOR THE FIGHTING MEN.



Pretty Irish girls gathering shamrock in the fields. To-day is St. Patrick's Day, and every Irish fighting man will get a sprig.

'A GALLANT BOY.'



Captain E. A. K. Mason (7th Royal Fusiliers), who was killed in France shortly after being promoted on the field. "He was one of the most gallant boys I have ever met," wrote his commanding officer to the bereaved mother.

SIMPLE EVENING GOWN.



Evening gown of black tulle. A belt of ribbon is fastened to the front of the corsage by a wreath of coral and silver flowers.



NEW HEALTH & NEW LIFE

FOR ALL WHO ARE

Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy' 'Run-down'

If you are Weak, 'Wincarnis' offers you new strength. If you are Anæmic, 'Wincarnis' offers you new rich red blood. If you are 'Nervy,' 'Wincarnis' offers you new nerve force. If you are "Run-down," 'Wincarnis' offers you new vitality. If you are an invalid, 'Wincarnis' offers you new life. Because 'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich delicious life-giving beverage. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'

WINCARNIS

For over 30 years 'Wincarnis' has given new health and new life to millions of sufferers. At the present moment thousands of people are daily deriving new health and happiness by using 'Wincarnis.' And thousands of our brave wounded, and the wounded soldiers of our gallant Allies, are quickly gaining renewed strength and new life from 'Wincarnis,' which is used in Hospitals the world over.

The unparalleled popularity of 'Wincarnis' is due to the fact that it does all it claims to do. It does create new strength—it does create new blood—it does create new nerve force—it does create new vitality and give new life.

'Wincarnis' is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' "Run-down"—to all enfeebled by old age—to martyrs to Indigestion—to all Invalids—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts."

Don't suffer needlessly. Take advantage of the new health 'Wincarnis' offers you. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W 315, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

"Daily Mirror"
17/316.

LADY-DAY

will have real significance to Women this year.

EVERY WOMAN

is asked to help to build the home for our incurably helpless soldiers at Richmond Hill by buying a Flag on that day.

The "STAR & GARTER" HOME

THE site of this famous hotel at Richmond Hill has been presented by the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute to Her Majesty the Queen, who has graciously conveyed the gift to the British Red Cross Society as a site for a permanent home for men rendered helpless by their services to their country in the present war. A sum of £50,000 is needed to raze part of the present building and to erect one worthy of these gallant men. The building fund will be administered on thoroughly sound and economical lines. Do not hesitate to give. The millionaire's cheque and the widow's mite will help alike to further this splendid work. A certificate will be sent you which you will treasure in after years as a memento of the fact that you, a British woman, helped to pay back, in however small a measure, some part of our indebtedness to those who, in the fight for right, have given their all.

PLEASE MAKE CHEQUES PAYABLE OR SEND MONEY TO THE LADY COWDRAY, 14, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, LONDON, W. VISITORS ARE WELCOME AT 21, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE BRITISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, THE "STAR & GARTER" BUILDING FUND.
PATRONS: H.M. THE QUEEN. H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

"WHAT WE WANT"

—declare the wisest Housewives—"is
"the most reliable **QUALITY** coupled
"with real **ECONOMY**, in these
"trying times!" So they always buy

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

7^{D.}

A LB.,

or $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{S. D.} **DOUBLE**
Weight.

Guaranteed all

BRITISH-MADE from **NUTS** and **MILK.**

MAYPOLE TEA

The Very
Best:

2/-

Pleases
Everybody.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO. LTD.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.

Over 880 BRANCHES now open.

ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.
By MARK ALLERTON

New Readers
Begin Here.
CHARACTERS
IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of iron.

Rosalie.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNN, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers she is Mrs. Grieve, whom she had only met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more and more angry. He gets angrier and angrier. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says she will not see Wynne again. But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband tells her not to, as he cannot afford it. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy."

Enclosed is a cheque and Rosalie finds out that a young wastrel named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes secretly. Rosalie finds out and tells him what she thinks about it. She goes to visit Wynne's studio.

"WILL YOU SIT FOR ME?"

THE house in which Alan Wynne had rooms was one of a short row, a fair example of the suburban builder and his work. In addition to a number it boasted a name—Blairmore—while its immediate neighbours were Balmoral and Odetyre respectively. The names had influenced Mrs. McBain in her choice of residence.

Wynne had two rooms on the ground floor, and in the garden at the back was a wooden shed which served as his studio.

Rosalie gave a quick, far-seeing glance round his sitting-room. She found there evidence of a conflict of ideas. The soul of Mrs. McBain and the soul of Wynne had been at war, and the result was a compromise. On a basis of saddlebags—yellows and crimsons predominating—draped overmantel, marble clock and ornaments, occasional table at the window supporting an aspistrider, there was a careless veneer of books, illustrated magazines, a really comfortable deep wicker chair, pipes and tobacco tins—empty. On the walls Wynne had hung the pictures he could not sell—finished and half-finished studies of types—priests, vixen maids, chequers, omnibus drivers, Mrs. McBain herself.

Rosalie examined the pictures first. Wynne, on the hearthrug, proceeded to fill his pipe. He had rung the bell for one—and that one," she said. "You painted these in Paris."

"And you remember them!"

"Quite well. Have you any more?"

"Plenty. In the shed. You shall inspect my shed presently. Meanwhile, we shall have tea. Here is Mrs. McBain. Let me introduce you. Mrs. McBain, my estimable and inexorable landlady—Mrs. Grieve—Mrs. McBain, you are present at the dawn of a new epoch. Northbury Park has begun to call on us."

The face of the woman, who was about sixty, did not relax a muscle. Only the twinkle in her eyes told that she was a humorist, and not a virago.

"Northbury Park is very welcome," she said, "provided it doesn't keep ye up yer work." Rosalie shook hands, amused. "I have heard lots and lots about you from Mr. Wynne," she said.

"I never did give him credit for much sense," Mrs. McBain replied. "He never keeps when to hand his whisk. Will ye be wantin' tea?" to Wynne.

"Yes, please. The cheque day tea, you know. Jam and scones and things."

"Ay, I know."

Without a smile the woman departed.

"You wouldn't think, would you," asked Wynne, "that there is not a kinder or more indulgent landlady in all London than Mrs. McBain? I believe she loves me as her own son, scarcely normal and with grievous faults, but still her son. What do you think of her portrait?"

Rosalie examined the small canvas on the wall. Wynne had got a likeness that was almost cruel—the hard chin, the hirsute upper lip, mole and all. But he had got more than the likeness. Into the straight, direct gaze

of the black eyes he had put the grim, relentless humor of the North. As Rosalie looked at the canvas she got a sense of the sadness of humor. It was a compelling portrait.

"But this—is very wonderful!" she said, slowly.

"You like it? So do I. I called it 'Portrait of a Scots Lady,' and sent it to the Academy. They sent it back, so here it is. I darsay that the committee agreed with Mrs. McBain, that it's an 'awful like thing!'"

"It has been rejected?"

"And despised. I'd like to paint your portrait one day." He was looking at her critically, the wonder of what was the indefinable something about Rosalie that disturbed him. It was not exactly fear. Certainly there was an undercurrent of unrest.

"That would be very good of you," she said, conventionally, and abruptly changed the subject.

When Mrs. McBain appeared with the tea tray Wynne was showing Rosalie some of his collection of tapestry. They had gone to the window for better light, and were holding the piece between them.

"I never knew such things as them for gathering the dust," said Mrs. McBain, "and he won't let me lay a finger on them."

Wynne did not immediately speak. He was looking at the slight, girlish hand so near his, white as alabaster, pencilled in blue where the veins were, and with a plain gold band on one finger. On Wynne the ring jarred.

The next moment he was bantering Mrs. McBain again, receiving her thrusts and thrusting back.

Rosalie poured out the tea. Wynne, kneeling before the fire, toasted a couple of Mrs. McBain's scones and buttered them. Then he sat down together and feasted. He was flippant no longer. He was telling her of what he had done with his life since he had left Paris. It was a narrative devoid of achievements. Rosalie could guess at the disappointments.

"I make a living, of course. I suppose I ought to be thankful for that. A good many of the old crowd haven't managed to do that. But I haven't hit it. Selling my work is like pushing a motor-car up a hill. I don't suppose I ever shall hit it now. I can only turn out one kind of work, and nobody seems to be tumbling over himself to buy it. That's partly one reason why I live at Northbury Park. It's cheaper. Northbury Park would hate to be called cheap, wouldn't it?"

"If that portrait of Mrs. McBain is your kind of work, I hope you'll never change it."

"You approve? I'm glad of that. I'm contented enough to think there's something in it. But if you won't let me toast you another scone we'll go to the studio. I've heaps more stuff there."

"I really ought to be going," said Rosalie hesitatingly.

"Oh, I do wish you'd have a look at the studio!" he pleaded. "I shan't bore you if I can help it."

"It isn't that. You know it isn't. But—yes, let's see the studio."

Again Wynne was struck by the strangeness of Rosalie's manner.

The studio was built of wood at the foot of a small garden filled with spring flowers—poet's narcissus and trumpet daffodils and golden tulips. Wynne indicated these with a wave of his hand.

"Not bad for a back yard like this, is it?" he asked. "I may not brag about my painting, but I'll brag to further orders about my gardening."

"I've complete charge of Mrs. McBain's estate."

"Hugh is fond of gardening, too," said Rosalie, "but he has no time for it."

Wynne made no response. He was annoyed at being reminded of Hugh.

He opened the studio door. The apartment was Spartan in its simplicity. It was lit by big panes of glass let into the roof, and warmed by an oil stove that looked as though it might smelt on little provocation. And there Wynne showed her some of his work.

Rosalie looked at the canvases in silence. Criticism would have been presumption, an expression of approval an impertinence. She was wondering why she had not found out before that Alan Wynne was a genius. And why was she so stupid of still ignorant of the fact that he contained a man who could put a soul on canvas?

"You approve? I'm glad of that. I'm contented enough to think there's something in it. But if you won't let me toast you another scone we'll go to the studio. I've heaps more stuff there."

"I really ought to be going," said Rosalie hesitatingly.

"Oh, I do wish you'd have a look at the studio!" he pleaded. "I shan't bore you if I can help it."

"It isn't that. You know it isn't. But—yes, let's see the studio."

Again Wynne was struck by the strangeness of Rosalie's manner.

The studio was built of wood at the foot of a small garden filled with spring flowers—poet's narcissus and trumpet daffodils and golden tulips. Wynne indicated these with a wave of his hand.

"Not bad for a back yard like this, is it?" he asked. "I may not brag about my painting, but I'll brag to further orders about my gardening."

"I've complete charge of Mrs. McBain's estate."

"Hugh is fond of gardening, too," said Rosalie, "but he has no time for it."

Wynne made no response. He was annoyed at being reminded of Hugh.

He opened the studio door. The apartment was Spartan in its simplicity. It was lit by big panes of glass let into the roof, and warmed by an oil stove that looked as though it might smelt on little provocation. And there Wynne showed her some of his work.

Rosalie looked at the canvases in silence. Criticism would have been presumption, an expression of approval an impertinence. She was wondering why she had not found out before that Alan Wynne was a genius. And why was she so stupid of still ignorant of the fact that he contained a man who could put a soul on canvas?

"You approve? I'm glad of that. I'm contented enough to think there's something in it. But if you won't let me toast you another scone we'll go to the studio. I've heaps more stuff there."

"I really ought to be going," said Rosalie hesitatingly.

"Oh, I do wish you'd have a look at the studio!" he pleaded. "I shan't bore you if I can help it."

"It isn't that. You know it isn't. But—yes, let's see the studio."

Again Wynne was struck by the strangeness of Rosalie's manner.

The studio was built of wood at the foot of a small garden filled with spring flowers—poet's narcissus and trumpet daffodils and golden tulips. Wynne indicated these with a wave of his hand.

"Not bad for a back yard like this, is it?" he asked. "I may not brag about my painting, but I'll brag to further orders about my gardening."

"I've complete charge of Mrs. McBain's estate."

"Hugh is fond of gardening, too," said Rosalie, "but he has no time for it."

Wynne made no response. He was annoyed at being reminded of Hugh.

He opened the studio door. The apartment was Spartan in its simplicity. It was lit by big panes of glass let into the roof, and warmed by an oil stove that looked as though it might smelt on little provocation. And there Wynne showed her some of his work.

Rosalie looked at the canvases in silence. Criticism would have been presumption, an expression of approval an impertinence. She was wondering why she had not found out before that Alan Wynne was a genius. And why was she so stupid of still ignorant of the fact that he contained a man who could put a soul on canvas?

"You approve? I'm glad of that. I'm contented enough to think there's something in it. But if you won't let me toast you another scone we'll go to the studio. I've heaps more stuff there."

"I really ought to be going," said Rosalie hesitatingly.

"Oh, I do wish you'd have a look at the studio!" he pleaded. "I shan't bore you if I can help it."

"It isn't that. You know it isn't. But—yes, let's see the studio."

Again Wynne was struck by the strangeness of Rosalie's manner.

The studio was built of wood at the foot of a small garden filled with spring flowers—poet's narcissus and trumpet daffodils and golden tulips. Wynne indicated these with a wave of his hand.

"Not bad for a back yard like this, is it?" he asked. "I may not brag about my painting, but I'll brag to further orders about my gardening."

"I've complete charge of Mrs. McBain's estate."

"Hugh is fond of gardening, too," said Rosalie, "but he has no time for it."

Wynne made no response. He was annoyed at being reminded of Hugh.

"The rest is rubbish," he said at length. "I have no more to show you."

"I am grateful to you for having shown me so much."

The pause that followed seemed perfectly natural. Then—

"About that portrait!" began Wynne.

"What portrait?"

"Yours. Will you sit for me?"

"Why waste your time over me?" she asked seriously.

"When you have seen the portrait you will tell me if I have wasted my time. But I may waste yours."

"I am prodigal of my time."

"Then you will sit for me."

"I think so."

"Let me decide for you."

Quickly he pulled a chair on to a little wooden platform that he might have called her throne.

The next moment he had swung the easel round.

"What are you doing?"

"I shan't keep you much more than half an hour to-day. The light will be gone then."

"But—"

"Don't let's waste time," he said, peremptorily.

ROSALIE'S SELF-CONFESSION.

HE was working in silence; very rapidly, as though every moment were precious.

Rosalie was far away from Northbury Park, spirited back through the years by the smell of the medium he was using; by the sight of paint-stained cloths, by the atmosphere of the artist's workshop. She was back again in the days when life was a glorious and happy adventure, when illusions were very real, when love was not to be reckoned with friendship.

Those were the days when hard work and laughter roused hand in hand, when troubles were lightly borne because there were so many shoulders willing to share the burden.

There was no reason why those days should not have continued to the end. Only love willed it otherwise. Love had swept them away, and now love itself had taken wings and there was nothing left.

In a short time she would go back to the vicarage. The wheels of the well-ordered household would be running smoothly. Hugh would be in his study. He would not ask her where she had been—he had given that up. He would rise at her entrances, greet her with a smile that she knew was but a mask for his disappointment, and they would talk for a time. Then dinner.

Then music perhaps—she at the piano and Hugh smoking by the fire. Then bed and sleep. Then waking up. Then the whole deadening cycle all over again. Over and over and over again.

Summer would come, and autumn and winter. The seasons might change. The order of her life was immutable. And as day succeeded day, so would Hugh and she draw farther apart, until neither meant anything at all to the other save that both shared the same home.

If only she could get Hugh back to her! But how? It had taken so little to part them. But already they were separated by a yawning gulf.

Possessed by her thoughts, she forgot about Alan Wynne. She did not know that very quietly he had laid aside his palette. He was watching her... silent, tense, his face drawn and rigid with the conflict between his desires to console and to play his part.

Rosalie was weeping, weakly weeping, her arms outstretched, her hands clasped. And to Alan Wynne was revealed the answer to his questionings. He saw a soul tortured. He saw rebel instincts at war with their environment. The "disturbing influence" blazed before him, as though written in letters of fire.

He knew why Rosalie was crying. At that moment he would have said that he had known why she was distressed the moment she entered the house. Her life was out of joint. She belonged to a world other than that in which she found herself. She had encountered the Grand Mistake.

He moistened his lips. He was very grave, very composed, very stern, even. He realised her responsibilities. Now, if ever, was his chance to save the man.

"I think," he said, very quietly, "that we'll chuck it for to-day."

(Continued on page 11.)

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

An Invaluable Remedy for
RHEUMATISM,
SCIATICA,
SORE THROAT,
SPRAINS,
NEURALGIA, &c.

Pain is a visitor to every home, and usually it comes quite unexpectedly. But you are prepared for every emergency if you keep just a small bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy. Sloan's Liniment is the greatest pain-killer ever discovered. Simply laid on the skin—no rubbing required—it drives the pain away instantly. It is really wonderful.

NO RUBBING REQUIRED.

Mr. W. Lewis, Malt House, New Maxton, writes: "Two years ago I suffered from Muscular Rheumatism in my arm. I tried all sorts of medicines, but they gave no relief whatever. At last I thought of Sloan's Liniment, and one bottle made a complete cure at a small cost of 1/- All I can say is there is nothing like it."

Sold by all chemists, 1/1½ and 2/3.

DEBILITY IS DANGEROUS.

Debility is a loss of vitality not affecting any one part of the body particularly, but the system generally. It is dangerous because it reduces the body's resistance to disease.

When debility follows acute diseases, convalescence is slow, and one's strength does not return as it should. An attack of influenza often results in debility that persists for months. Everybody recognises that the remedy for debility is to build up the blood, because the blood goes to every part of the body and an improvement in its condition is quickly felt throughout the system. The problem in every case is for the patient to find something that will enrich the blood.

Dr. Williams' pink pills suit most people's need because they really build up the blood and strengthen the nerves. Dr. Williams' pink pills are useful for growing children and for men and women whose nervous energy has been overdrawn. They are certainly worthy of a trial in every case where weak nerves and thin blood have started the trouble.

Begin them to-day, for your dealer can supply Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people; but accept nothing else.

FREE.—You can obtain a useful Health Guide free by sending a postcard request to Book Dept., 48 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Advt.)

THIS SOLID OAK 4 ft. DRESSER £3 7 6

carefully packed and sent carriage paid anywhere in England.

Dimensions: Height, 4 ft. 3 in.; width, 4 ft.; depth 18 in.

Supplied in rich Antique colour.

WRITE for our Art Booklet, "How to Furnish," a catalogue of useful articles for the home, together with beautiful illustrations, in colour, showing the suggested treatment of the different rooms in a comfortable home.

Write to-day to

WOLFE & HOLLANDER, Ltd.,

General House Furnishers, 252-256, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W. (Oxford Street end).



A French officer in a second line trench watching the explosion of a mine under the enemy's trenches.



Lord Henry Bentinck.

Turks Lord Henry contracted dysentery, and though at one time he appeared to have recovered surgical treatment became necessary.

Airman M.P. at Work.

Mr. Pemberton Billing, the airman M.P., was again in the parliamentary limelight yesterday, putting questions in the House both to Dr. Macnamara, the Secretary to the Admiralty, and Mr. Lloyd George on aircraft matters. I noticed that after the airman had cross-examined the former Minister Dr. "Mac" beckoned him out of his seat and the pair walked as far as the door together.

"P. B." and "H. B."

Mr. Billing again occupied the seat at the extreme end of the Front Opposition bench below the gangway. It is the first seat on the right as you enter the Chamber from the door under the clock. Mr. Bottomley always sat on the first seat on the left as you enter the Chamber. So if "H. B." returned to his old place in the House he would be immediately opposite the brilliant young man in whose electoral campaign he took such a sympathetic interest.

Captain Willie Redmond.

One of the most interesting incidents in last night's debate was the sudden appearance of Captain Willie Redmond, fresh from the front. The famous Nationalist brought a most cheery message from the trenches, and charmed the House with a bright little speech. As a friend said to me in the lobby afterwards, it was a speech "straight from the heart."

"Welcome Home."

Captain Redmond's hair has whitened lately, but he looked a fine soldierly figure in khaki and as fit as a fiddle. Willie has made hosts of friends during his thirty-three years at Westminster, and at parties joined last night in welcoming him back to the Mother of Parliaments.

Lord William Cecil and the Duke of Norfolk.

The Duke of Norfolk's reputation for carelessness in dress is evidently in danger at the hands of the Rev. Lord William Cecil, rector of Hatfield. The other day Lord William was calling on a friend at a well-known London hotel and, not giving his name, the head porter took it upon himself to warn the friend that his caller "looked like a man distressed by the war." A remark that applies to most of us, by the way!

At the Carlton.

At lunch time the Carlton is an interesting place. When I was there last time there was much khaki (including four generals), but mufli was the dominant note. I noticed the Swedish, Brazilian and Serbian (Mr. Boshkovitch) Ministers, Lord Cowdray and Mrs. A. C. Pearson (who was one of a party of ten) and one solitary parson.

"Don'ts" for Economy.

Now one comes to think of it, it is *Punch* that was first in the field with the original "don't." Apropos, of course, of advice to those about to marry!

My Lady Babel.

I have just heard of a lady employed in a certain important Government department. She has a fluent knowledge of every European language, being able to talk, write and read them. Her services are invaluable, and she has been proved far more efficient than any male linguist in the country.

An Irish Viscount.

The conferment of the dignity of Knight of St. Patrick upon Viscount Middleton comes as a reminder that the Viscount is Irish. But Viscount Middleton does not claim his seat in the Lords on account of his Irish title—if he did he would have had to be elected by his fellow Irish peers. The Viscount holds the British Barony of Brodrick, and as Lord Brodrick sits in the Lords.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

In Lace-Town.

The hardships of Gallipoli are still apparent upon the fine physique of Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., half-brother of the Duke of Portland, who has this week been among his Nottingham constituents for the first time since his operation.

While fighting the Turks Lord Henry contracted dysentery, and though at one time he appeared to have recovered surgical treatment became necessary.

Queen Marie III.

Britons without exception will be sorry to hear that beautiful Queen Marie of Rumania is ill. A daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, she is a first cousin of King George, and it is hardly necessary to say, is staunchly pro-Ally. Doubtless the Queen has done much to keep Rumanians informed of our side of the case, and her work has prevented Bukarest from succumbing to Hun blandishments.

A Royal Birthday.

To-morrow Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyll, who is the King's aunt, celebrates her birthday. I understand that, as she is indisposed, the Princess will not leave her room for a few days. She will, however, receive family visitors at Kensington, when a birthday tea will be given.

The Irish Party.

Irish peereesses will form themselves into a hard-working little band to-day, and will be busily selling Irish flags and shamrocks in London. The Countess of Limerick and Lady Randolph Churchill are arranging the grand Albert Hall concert to-morrow, at which Lady Maud Warrender will sing and Lady Oranmore and Browne and the Marchioness of Granby are to sell programmes.

"Eve" at the Adelphi.

A very charming song-and-dance number has been introduced into the third act of "Tina" at the Adelphi Theatre. It is called "Eve," and reproduces a number of those clever Eve drawings with which readers of the *Tatler* and the *Evening News* are so familiar. Miss Phyllis Dare is quite at her best in this number.

In the Movies.

This is a charming picture of Miss Pearl Grey, who has lately made great strides in movie plays. She was at the Empire re-



Miss Pearl Grey.

cently in a turn of her own, where she made a great success. Miss Grey has a perfect "Gibson" face, and possesses a beautiful figure.

Miss Lily Elsie's Coat.

My friend had been to see "The Mollusc," but all she could talk about afterwards was Miss Lily Elsie's coat, which she declared to me to be the smartest thing in chinchilla she had seen this winter, and I must agree with her.

He Meant "Shod."

He was a large breeder of hackneys and also spoke English with a strong German accent. At the outbreak of war a friend told him that the Government would certainly take his horses. "I will have them shot first," was the reply. Really he is as pro-English as the best of us, and it was only his way of pronouncing "shod" that shocked his friend.

Sir H. B. Tree Finishes Film.

Sir H. Beerbohm Tree has finished his work in the seven-reel film of "Macbeth," in which he made his debut upon the screen. Sir Herbert appeared in New York in "Henry VIII." the other night and received a fine reception.

A Memory Tonic.

A well-known actor, who is getting on in years but is as fit as a fiddle, tells me that, to keep his memory from deteriorating too much, he memorises the numbers of a dozen motor-cars a day, and writes down the numbers in a book when he returns home.

At the Queen's.

I hear that the beautiful Mrs. Guy Chetwynd will appear at the matinee in aid of the Hampstead War Hospital Supply Depot. The matinee is at the Queen's Theatre. It is under the patronage of the Grand Duke Michael, the generous charity matinee patron. Since the war amateur acting has revived in many quarters.

Tirpitz the Tyrant.

One thing is certain about the retirement of Von Tirpitz—few, if any, German naval officers will regret it. He was quite easily the most tyrannical man in Germany, and any subordinate who did not bow to his will had very short shrift. On the other hand, he always went out of his way to be particularly courteous to foreign newspaper correspondents, because he loved publicity.

Created a New Word.

The net result of his life's work is to have coined a new word for the use of British sailors. To Tirpitz means to do anything cowardly or unmanly, and is in constant use on the lower deck. Von Tirpitz has been out of the Kaiser's favour for many months—in fact, ever since the submarine threat vanished into thin air.

Willard on the Screen.

Jess Willard, the heavy-weight boxing champion, while waiting for a match has been passing the time appearing in moving picture plays. His favourite film, I hear, is "The Heart Punch." Is the title his favourite punch?

"Ta-ra-ra's" Daughter at Daly's.

I hear that Miss Josie Collins, the daughter of the late Miss Lottie Collins (who was so famous with "Ta-ra-ra Boom De Aye"), is on her way to England. Miss Collins, who is to "star" in a new production at Daly's, has made a very big success in America.

Guardians.

It's pleasant to think that one of our prettiest actresses, Miss Gladys Cooper, does not go unguarded even in her dressing-room. There are two guardians there who eye you sternly as you enter. One is Diana, her huge deerhound, who takes his mistress daily to and from the theatre. The other is Precious, the tiny Pekingese pup, who has a rôle in "Please Help Emily." And, despite a little natural jealousy on Diana's part, the two are excellent friends.

What Miss Loraine Knows.

Miss Ethel Levey saw her friend, Miss Violet Loraine, in the stalls of the Empire the other night. So when the little dialogue about the Hippodrome spending £2,000 a week on balloons was reached she turned to "V." and said: "You know all about that, don't you?" But, like most of these personal "gags," it merely puzzled most of the audience.

Going to the Alhambra.

After the show Miss Loraine told me that, in spite of all rumours and denials to the contrary, she will appear in the new revue to be put on at the Alhambra about Easter with Mr. George Robey and Mr. Alfred Lester. At last the little matter of outstanding contracts has been satisfactorily settled by Mr. Stoll.

Statuary.

I met Lady Victoria Manners the other afternoon in Oxford-street, smiling the smile of one who has performed a pleasant duty. So she had; she had taken the place of her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Rutland, in opening an extraordinarily good collection of statuary by "Nell Foy," which is the working name of the Hon. Jessica Borthwick. The Duchess was another victim of the cold germ.

Topical Studies.

Miss "Nell Foy's" collection includes studies of Serbian and Belgian soldiery, peasantry and the priesthood—studies done while she was nursing. A young soldier kneeling before a shattered altar; a fighting priest performing his sacred duties in the most terrible circumstances; a Serb half buried by snow and watched by a black vulture—these are some of the scenes she herself saw and has reproduced in painted terra-cotta. THE RAMBLER.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR, THICK, WAVY, FREE FROM DANDRUFF.

Draw a moist cloth through hair and double its beauty at once. Save your hair! Dandruff Disappears and hair stops coming out.

Immediate!

Yes! Certainly! That's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after an application of Danderine. Also try this: moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides being a beautiful hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of Dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, charming, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and try it as directed. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d. No increase in price.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops, and you can breathe easily.



POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, send for the Free Trial at once.

Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tell us about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1/-

Sign this Form To-day

Potter & Clarke, Ltd., Arvillory Lane, London, E.C. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure

NAME _____

Address "Daily Mirror."

DOMESTIC SERVANTS

of the Best Class are to be obtained through the advertisement columns of

The Times.

BAD LEGS CURED AT HOME

Without Rest or Pain.

A treatment which permanently cures bad legs without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable, even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty even in these days of medical marvels.

We make no apology for the attention of readers to the work of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, in view of the alarming increase in the number of cases of this very painful malady, until now has been thought incurable. Ordinary practitioners as a body are, we believe, powerless to stay this advance, and unable to do any more than tend to relieve symptoms, and by means of absolute rest to patch up a case for a while until movement breaks down what has already been done, and the unfortunate sufferer has to go through it all again.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

The National Infirmary for Bad Legs has for some years past directed the skill of its staff to the perfection of a treatment in their possession which effects a permanent and lasting cure of this most distressing malady. Success of a gratifying character has, we understand, crowned all their efforts, and today a host of patients who have been cured by this Treatment testify to the benefits they have received.

WHAT THIS NEW TREATMENT IS.

This new method of curing bad legs is known as the Tremol Treatment, and by the courtesy of the Secretary a newspaper representative was recently enabled to inquire into the methods of application of this new Treatment. He was informed that the Tremol Treatment consists of a plaster at the present time by this Institution, and that 99 per cent. of those who undergo the treatment are cured. Even the very worst cases of bad legs of twenty to fifty years' standing are cured by the Tremol Treatment without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglect of work, and without the possibility of failure. It is emphatically stated that this wonderful Treatment cures to stay cured for all time.

Think what this means! It appears to foreshadow nothing short of a revolution in the medical treatment of all forms of bad legs. The writer was assured that there will be no more uncertain cures, for Tremol Treatment cures with absolute certainty; and that there will be no more rest cures, which never last, for Tremol Treatment cures a bad leg whilst the patient is away about his daily work. It is, in fact, claimed for this new Treatment that it will cure every kind of bad leg. By its use varicose veins, disappear; eczema vanishes; swollen and painful legs become painless; and the numerous other complications of this painful disease readily yield to its application.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

The Tremol Treatment has one great advantage over every other treatment for bad legs. It can be applied in the sufferer's own home with ease, and with the certainty of obtaining a cure. There are very many different courses of Tremol Treatment, and after the history of each case has been studied the course most suitable is prescribed, and, if necessary, modified. No matter how far distant patients may be from the Infirmary, how remote the village they live in, their case is under the continual attention and direct supervision of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs. This also places the Tremol Treatment within the reach of all patients, no matter what their financial position may be or where they live. It is also interesting to know that this Treatment, only taken about ten minutes every day, or five minutes daily, to supply.

THOSE WHO LIVE AT A DISTANCE.

Those who are prevented by distance from calling should fill up the attached coupon and address it to the Secretary, National Infirmary for Bad Legs (Ward M.K.), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, when a copy of an illustrated book, "Cures by the Tremol," which has been specially prepared at great expense in order to spread a knowledge of how to cure this disease, will be sent free of charge. It is full of sound advice, and provides every sufferer with the means of bringing about a speedy and permanent recovery, even when other doctors, hospitals and specialists have failed to help them. During the next few weeks the National Infirmary will make a free gift of a copy of this valuable book from the supply is exhausted.

Address your letter with Coupon to NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD M.K.), 228, GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

COUPON (WARD M.K.)

Name (Miss, Mrs, Mr or Rev.)

Address

State Complaint

WINDSOR CHASES.

Substitutes for Manchester Events at Postponed Meeting.

Postponed from last week owing to the flooded state of the course, the Windsor meeting with its substitutes for the important Manchester events, the Jubilee Hurdle and the Lancashire Steeplechase, opens to-day with every prospect of some capital sport. Selections are appended:

1.0.-LYNCH PIT, 2.30.-SAUCEPAN.
3.0.-YELLOW CHAT, 3.0.-COOLBREE.
1.0.-ST. ALPHONSE, 3.30.-MY BIRTHDAY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

LYNCH PIT AND SAUCEPAN. BOUVIERIE.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

1.0.-RIVER HCAP. CHASE, 50 sows; 2m.	1.0.-RIVER HCAP. CHASE, 50 sows; 2m.	1.0.-RIVER HCAP. CHASE, 50 sows; 2m.
Bridge IV, 12.7	Stirling Plate, 6.11.1	Stirling Plate, 6.11.1
George IV, 12.7	Platner, 6.11.0	Platner, 6.11.0
Geary, 12.2	Carson, 6.11.0	Carson, 6.11.0
Straggs, 12.12	Flair Hampton, 6.11.1	Flair Hampton, 6.11.1
Sir Abercorn, 12.0	Tambour Bittant, 6.11.1	Tambour Bittant, 6.11.1
Allynch Pit, 11.12	Coton, 6.11.0	Coton, 6.11.0
Sweet Tipperary, 11.8	Darrell, 6.10.3	Darrell, 6.10.3
Black Miner, 11.12	Hewish Park, 6.10.0	Hewish Park, 6.10.0
Stonebridge, 11.5	Chadwell, 6.10.0	Chadwell, 6.10.0
	Fleur de Lys, 6.10.0	Fleur de Lys, 6.10.0

1.30.-WINDSOR MAIDEN CHASE, 200 sows; 2m. 100yds.	1.30.-WINDSOR MAIDEN CHASE, 200 sows; 2m. 100yds.	1.30.-WINDSOR MAIDEN CHASE, 200 sows; 2m. 100yds.
Toller, 12.3	Early Bree, 11.7.7	Early Bree, 11.7.7
Sturmer, 11.9	Thaddeus, 11.7.7	Thaddeus, 11.7.7
Wooden Bridge, 12.3	Neurotic, 11.7.7	Neurotic, 11.7.7
Prince Pick, 11.12	The Waggoner, 11.7.7	The Waggoner, 11.7.7
Prince Edgar, 11.9	Sweet William, 11.7.7	Sweet William, 11.7.7
Flazy Simon, 11.12	Dunbar, 11.7.2	Dunbar, 11.7.2
Flazy Simon, 11.12	St. Albans, 11.7.2	St. Albans, 11.7.2
Flazy Simon, 11.12	Maritima, 11.7.2	Maritima, 11.7.2
Flazy Simon, 11.12	King Bonheur, 11.7.2	King Bonheur, 11.7.2
Flazy Simon, 11.12	St. Albans, 11.7.2	St. Albans, 11.7.2
Flazy Simon, 11.12	St. Albans, 11.7.2	St. Albans, 11.7.2

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

2.30.-JUBILEE HURDLE (Hcap), 300 sows; 2m.	2.30.-JUBILEE HURDLE (Hcap), 300 sows; 2m.	2.30.-JUBILEE HURDLE (Hcap), 300 sows; 2m.
Alondy, 12.7	Handball, 11.1.2	Handball, 11.1.2
Lord Nuala, 12.7	Angus, 11.1.2	Angus, 11.1.2
Chateau Vert, 12.7	Early Hope, 11.1.1	Early Hope, 11.1.1
Redwood, 11.12	St. Albans, 11.1.1	St. Albans, 11.1.1
Canute, 11.10	Dan Russell, 11.1.0	Dan Russell, 11.1.0
Blue Stone, 11.12	Responsible, 11.1.0	Responsible, 11.1.0
Belmont's Song, 11.9	Deer Broom, 11.1.0	Deer Broom, 11.1.0
St. Beuve, 11.7	Pilgrim Father, 11.1.0	Pilgrim Father, 11.1.0
Brumach, 11.12	Kitch, 11.1.0	Kitch, 11.1.0

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

3.0.-MILL HOUSE CHASE, 70 sows; 2m. 100yds.	3.0.-MILL HOUSE CHASE, 70 sows; 2m. 100yds.	3.0.-MILL HOUSE CHASE, 70 sows; 2m. 100yds.
Lord Marcus, 12.7	Handball, 11.1.2	Handball, 11.1.2
Abat, 12.7	Angus, 11.1.2	Angus, 11.1.2
Asenitive Symons, 11.12	Roy Barker, 11.1.0	Roy Barker, 11.1.0
Meridan, 11.12	Platner, 11.1.0	Platner, 11.1.0
Weylance, 11.10	St. Albans, 11.1.0	St. Albans, 11.1.0
Ballicroona, 11.9	Allynch Pit, 11.1.0	Allynch Pit, 11.1.0
Ben a Beg, 11.8	Fortune Bay, 11.1.0	Fortune Bay, 11.1.0
Academy, 11.6	Spotty, 11.1.0	Spotty, 11.1.0
Oranville, 11.2	Kitch, 11.1.0	Kitch, 11.1.0

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

3.30.-OUR VILLAGER HURDLE, 50 sows; 2m.	3.30.-OUR VILLAGER HURDLE, 50 sows; 2m.	3.30.-OUR VILLAGER HURDLE, 50 sows; 2m.
Murray Bridge, 11.0	Liaisons, 11.0	Liaisons, 11.0
Brinsop, 11.0	Dukla, 11.0	Dukla, 11.0
Sir Arnold, 11.0	Worcester, 11.0	Worcester, 11.0
The Nell, 11.0	Teatons, 11.0	Teatons, 11.0
Slave Crag, 11.0	Klear, 11.0	Klear, 11.0
Dove Gordon, 11.0	Allynch Pit, 11.0	Allynch Pit, 11.0
Zermatt, 11.0	Germiston, 11.0	Germiston, 11.0
Quatre Brece, 11.0		

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

3.30.-OUR VILLAGER HURDLE, 50 sows; 2m.	3.30.-OUR VILLAGER HURDLE, 50 sows; 2m.	3.30.-OUR VILLAGER HURDLE, 50 sows; 2m.
Silver Stag, 9.0	Vaucluse, 9.0	The Vizier, My Ronald
9.0, Dindimere, 9.0	Vaucluse, 9.0	Young Princes, 9.0
9.0, Dindimere, 9.0	Vaucluse, 9.0	Young Princes, 9.0
9.0, Dindimere, 9.0	Vaucluse, 9.0	Young Princes, 9.0
9.0, Dindimere, 9.0	Vaucluse, 9.0	Young Princes, 9.0
9.0, Dindimere, 9.0	Vaucluse, 9.0	Young Princes, 9.0
9.0, Dindimere, 9.0	Vaucluse, 9.0	Young Princes, 9.0
9.0, Dindimere, 9.0	Vaucluse, 9.0	Young Princes, 9.0

Harold Walker, of 'Salford', retired in the third round against Fred Housley at the King yesterday afternoon.

ROSALIE.

(Continued from page 9.)

A convulsive shudder made the girl sway. She had realised that she was not alone, but in Northbury Park, and in the studio of the man Wynne.

"I'm sorry." His voice was wonderfully gentle. He sought wildly for an excuse that would come to her rescue. "Sitting on one's portrait is a very nervous business. Lots of models have told me that."

He pretended to busy himself with his palette. Rosalie rose. He could see that she was painfully embarrassed.

"It's so silly of me," she said weakly. "She was so pale that he feared she might faint. He took her arm.

"Let's go and see if there's any tea left in the teapot," he cried, seeking to compose her by affecting gaiety.

"No—I'm all right. I shall go now—" Her lips trembled again. "Rosalie, what's the matter? Can you tell me?" His voice was very tender. "Something is making you miserable. Can I help you? I'd do anything in the world to be of use to you. Oh, Rosalie, Rosalie—don't!"

He cried out piteously, for Rosalie had sunk back into her chair and was sobbing as though her heart would break.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

NEWS ITEMS.

Banker Dies While at Breakfast.

Mr. Thomas Henry Barnard, aged fifty, of Bedford, banker, died suddenly yesterday while at breakfast.

5s. Notes To Be Issued.

The Treasury will shortly issue a 5s. note as well as new 2s. and 10s. notes, the former to be printed in five colours impossible to counterfeit.

Soldiers' Wives at the House.

A deputation of soldiers' wives saw the Labour M.P.s at the Commons last night and urged that pensions for disabled men were inadequate.

\$550 for Loss of Husband.

Mrs. F. Collins, of Barking, whose husband was killed motor-cycling over a level-crossing, has been awarded £550 against the Great Eastern Railway.

New French War Minister.

PARIS, March 16.—General Gallieni has resigned the post of Minister of War on grounds of health. Lieutenant General Roques has been appointed the Minister of War.—Reuter.

Soldier's Death on Parade.

Whilst on parade Private Edward Burns, County of London Regiment, fell dead, and it was stated at the inquest at Stepney that pneumonia had acted fatally upon a weak heart.

Dismissed the Army.

Temporary Second Lieutenant Percy J. Humphries, the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment), is dismissed the service by sentence of a general court-martial, says last night's London Gazette.

NO FEAR OF SUGAR FAMINE.

Mr. McKenna informed Mr. Lough, in the House of Commons yesterday, that any apprehension of an increase in the shortage of sugar was unfounded.

There was no reason to anticipate that supplies in general for 1916 would fall below those available in 1915 by more than 25 per cent. this reduction being due to the shortage of tonnage.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS.

Special Supplementary List of this Month's Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready. SENT POST FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS.

It will save you a fortune. Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Musical Instruments, Clothing, &c. Illustrated Free List Ready. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.

13/9 Baby's Long Clothes, magnificent, parcel, 40 American Rags, &c.; the perfection of a mother's personal wardrobe; never worn; 13s. worth £20.00.

15/9 Real Russian Fur; very elegant rich dark sable robe; from London; best Russian Fur; richly satin lined; beautifully trimmed tails; large full matching; leather, worth £25.00; 18/9 approx.

23/6 Most elegant Black Fox Stopped Persian Stole; Muff; together, worth £30.00; fine and large Animal Fur; worth £40.00; 23/6.

59/6 Lady's real Coney Musquash Seal Coat; model; originally £120.00; reduced to £22.10; approval; 12/6.

12/6 Watch, imported, original, 10 years warranty, perfect timekeeper; 12/6. Watch, imported, original, 10 years warranty, perfect timekeeper; 12/6.

12/6 Gent's fashionable Double Gold Alberts, 12s. Gold; 12/6.

14/6 Lady's choice 18ct Gold link bracelet; 14/6.

25/6 Lady's Solid Gold English link bracelet; 25/6.

22/6 containing 9 exceptionally choice and large size; 22/6.

14/9 Colour Flax; long Granville Stole; trimmed tails; 14/9.

3/9 Lady's choice 18ct Gold link bracelet; 3/9.

9/9 Choice, superior quality; 9/9.

3/6 Choice, superior quality; 3/6.

19/9 Lady's choice 18ct Gold link bracelet; 19/9.

DAVIS & Co. (Dept. Pawnbrokers), 26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. (154th performance) A New Musical Play, 'TINA', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLIS, DAVID H. BERRY, &c. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

AMBA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

COMEDY. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. Arthur Collins presents O. W. Nathan's 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

DUKE OF YORKS. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

GAITY. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

THE ALHAMBRA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

THE ALHAMBRA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

THE ALHAMBRA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

THE ALHAMBRA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

THE ALHAMBRA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

THE ALHAMBRA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

THE ALHAMBRA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

8.15. 10.10.10. Tel. 2645 and 8888.

THE ALHAMBRA. (154th performance) 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', by Terence Rattigan and John Galsworthy.

Germany's Peace Offer: By Dr. Dillon, in "Sunday Pictorial"

THE LAST LAP: By Horatio Bottomley, in the "Sunday Pictorial" : :

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

ALWAYS Buy Your "Sunday Pictorial" from the Same Newsagent. : : : : :

"HACKING A WAY THROUGH" THE SNOW IN THE PEAK DISTRICT.



The traction-engine cannot move another inch, and must await the arrival of a relief party.



Getting back to his engine.

He alone thought it fun.

Deep enough to dig trenches.

The garden-gate. The path is lined by high banks of snow.

There are villages in the Peak of Derbyshire which have been practically isolated for three weeks, but the roads are being gradually opened up again. Men have had to

be employed to dig a way through, as the snow has fallen to such a great depth that women could not possibly undertake the work.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

CENTENARIAN WHO WAS NEVER IN A TRAIN.



Mrs. Alex McDougall, who has died at her home at Inverness at the age of 102. She is seen with her grandnephew outside the cottage in which they lived. Mrs. McDougall lived under five Kings and a Queen—George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria, Edward VII. and George V. She was a very skilful spinner, and just before she died threaded a needle without the aid of glasses. She never had a day's illness and never once travelled in a railway train.

FUNERAL OF ASSASSINATED TURKISH PRINCE.



Carrying the coffin, on which was the dead man's fez. The streets were lined with soldiers.



The ornate coffin at the famous mosque of St. Sophia.

Prince Yussuf Izz-ed-Din, heir to the Sultanate of Turkey, was assassinated, or, as the official communiqué put it, he committed suicide. He was buried at Constantinople.